

The CANADIAN FORUM

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The Socialist International

► AT THE BEGINNING OF JULY this summer delegates from some thirty democratic socialist parties met in Frankfurt, Germany, and launched a new Socialist International. The proceedings of this important conference were reported at some length in both the London and the New York Times, but our Canadian papers largely neglected them. The Frankfurt meeting was the culminating one in a series of discussions which have been going on for several years among the socialist parties of western Europe, with some participation by socialist parties in the rest of the non-Soviet world. They have been slowly working out the principles and the organizational form to be adopted by those democratic socialists who refuse to accept the collapse of the Second International in 1914 or of its successor in 1939 as the final defeat of the international side of Western Socialism, and who refuse equally to accept the Comintern or the Cominform as anything but a perversion and mockery of the ideas in which democratic socialists believe.

The leading role both in the preliminary discussions and in the final drafting of this Declaration was naturally played by the strongest and most mature socialist party in the western world, the British Labor party. Mr. Morgan Phillips, its secretary, was elected the first president of the new Socialist International. The Declaration itself, both in its moderate common-sense practical approach to political and social questions and in its lack of literary distinction, bears all the marks of a product of Transport House. Commentators have pointed out with remarkable unanimity that it represents the triumph of the pragmatic point of view of the British and Scandinavian socialists over the old Marxian doctrinaire rigidity of the European continent. "The spirits of the Webbs and Keynes trample on the ghost of Marx," declares the *Economist*. And the *New Statesman*, which is obviously not very enthusiastic over the trenchant language in which the new International attacks communism, adds rather sadly: "Of Marxism only a few vestigial relics are left, and the central notion seems to be that of a continuing mixed economy in which there will be plenty of room for capitalist as well as socialized enterprise."

Several specific points in this Declaration should be noted by Canadian readers:

(1) The Declaration abandons the classical Marxian class war. Socialism is no longer a movement only of those messianic bearers of destiny, the proletariat. "Socialism first developed as a movement of the wage-earners. Since then more and more citizens—professional and clerical workers, farmers and fishermen, craftsmen and retailers, artists and scientists—are coming to understand that Socialism holds the key to their future. Socialism appeals to all men who believe that the exploitation of man by man must be abolished."

(2) The old "socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange" is also relegated to the attic lumber-room along with the class struggle. Public ownership may take various forms, and these "should be regarded not as ends in themselves but as means of controlling basic industries and services on which the economic life and welfare of the community depend." Moreover, "socialist planning does not presuppose public ownership of all the means of production. It is compatible with private ownership in important fields, for instance in agriculture, handi-

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craft, retail trade, and small and middle-sized industries." And "economic power should be decentralized wherever this is compatible with the aims of planning." All this adds up to a substitution of "planning" as the central socialist concept rather than the old "nationalization." And there is a clear warning against the danger of a rigid corporative system and of bureaucracy.

(3) For future reference it should be noted that there is a recognition of the alternative dangers that trade unions in a socialist regime may degenerate either into tools of an all powerful state bureaucracy or into over-powerful syndicalist organizations.

(4) Those idealists who still picture the U.S.S.R. as the Workers' Fatherland should digest the paragraphs in which communism is rejected as a sharer in the socialist tradition and denounced as the instrument of a new imperialism, and in which it is proclaimed that every dictatorship is a danger to the freedom of all nations.

(5) Socialists have always indulged rather too freely in the rhetoric of internationalism. But note here how specifically these socialists tie internationalism to the United Nations, and how they demand the strict implementation of the principles of the Charter. Note also how clearly they point out that peace can only be secured by a system of collective security. They are clearly aware that in our world peace cannot be maintained without international force behind it.

(6) Most important of all is their emphasis upon political democracy. Chapter 1 of this Declaration is about liberty and democracy. There is none of the silly pretence so popular in certain leftist circles that political rights do not matter if "economic democracy" is attained or that economic changes in themselves will guarantee automatic political liberty.

These points of emphasis, in distinction from the old doctrinaire absolutism and the old pre-eminence of economic over political and cultural aims, are, of course, the result of the experience of the last generation and especially of the experience of the British and Scandinavian socialists in the responsibilities of power. We commend them to the study of those romantics and neurotics of the Left in Canada who are still deceiving themselves about the blessings of the Stalinist "people's democracy," who give expression to their "internationalism" by loving everybody except the Americans and British who are closest to them, and who are always talking about peace in our time without facing up to the steps that are necessary to make peace secure. We commend the Declaration also to all those respectable pundits of the Right who are always setting up their own straw man of "socialism" and demolishing it, and who steadily refuse to acknowledge frankly and honestly to their readers what the contemporary democratic socialist parties of the western world really do advocate. F.H.U.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

VOL. 6, No. 72, SEPTEMBER, 1926, *The Canadian Forum*.

I am a Canadian. I have made that statement a great many times in the course of a few years' wandering. In England it was usually prefaced by the remark, "No, I am not an American": in the United States it was usually prefaced by the remark "No, I am not English." In England there was often present at least one individual who would thereupon murmur something about a Colonial. If he was worth it, I would proceed with a little lecture on the status of self-governing Dominions, but it was generally safer to

smile meekly and suggest as a topic for conversation the Prince of Wales. Sometimes when an account of life in Canada had been requested, a description of the delights of camping, fishing, or hunting would elicit a shuddering "Aren't you afraid of the snakes?" When I had repudiated the existence of snakes in my Eden, there would come the bright retort, "Oh, I thought they had snakes in *all* the Colonies"—an answer which always reduced me to a condition of inarticulate fury.

In the United States the interlocutor always produced an acquaintance domiciled two thousand miles from my carefully-explained part of the country, and expected immediate recognition, for how could two Canadians fail to know each other and to meet often. Did we use pounds, shillings, and pence, and were the King's exactions troublesome? One good lady, whose extensive travels in Europe should have weaned her from insularity, was greatly perturbed to learn that there were Crown Lands and a royalty for minerals extracted: "How dreadful of the King to take so much from you. Why do you submit?" In vain did my companion, the deputy head of the Crown Lands Department, explain that the royalty was paid into the provincial treasury, for she still pictured the King in glittering crown and red robes bordered with ermine, transferring to the privy purse the coins wrung from a reluctant and misguided people. (From "On Being Canadian" by Esther Clark Wright).



Books by Eric Nicol

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National Health Insurance

Albert Rose

►SIGNIFICANT ANNOUNCEMENTS concerning health insurance have recently been made by the presidents of both the American and Canadian Medical Associations. The two statements were delivered in the same week in June but this is a coincidence, related to the timing of the annual conventions and not to any joint action. It is well known, however, that the Medical Associations in the two countries have been greatly concerned for many years and particularly since the close of the War.

These announcements, although similar in intent, were quite different in content. Dr. Henderson of the American Medical Association stated, jubilantly, that in the opinion of his group, the public provision of a health insurance program has been successfully defeated in the United States. This has been achieved, if it really has, in large part through the expenditure of more than four million dollars of the doctors' money during the past two or three years.

Dr. Gosse of the Canadian Medical Association announced, on the other hand, the plans of his organization for the operation of a national health insurance scheme. The aim of these plans is stated, frankly, as that of providing an alternative to a government-sponsored program.

It will be recalled that in August, 1945, the Government of Canada put forward a "Health Insurance Proposal" in its "Proposals of the Government of Canada" for the Dominion-Provincial Conference on Reconstruction. This proposal followed the presentation on March 16, 1943, of a draft bill on national health insurance by the government-appointed Advisory Committee on Health Insurance.

The "Health Insurance Proposal" of 1945 was set forth quite simply and directly:

"The federal government's health insurance proposal is designed to put provincial governments in a financial position to develop and administer a comprehensive health insurance program worked out by progressive stages on an agreed basis. To this end the various health benefits which the federal government would be prepared to assist in providing have been classified . . . and a procedure suggested for a wide degree of flexibility in each province in introducing them."

To finance the scheme the federal government proposed to contribute to the cost of each benefit under the health insurance plan as it was brought into effect in each province or in any area in a province on the following formula:

- (1) a basic grant of one-fifth of the estimated cost of each service, and
- (2) one-half the additional actual cost incurred by each provincial government.

It was provided, however, that the total federal contribution must not exceed the amount stipulated in a table listing each service to a maximum of \$12.96 per person per annum, when the complete program would be in operation.

It is interesting, today, to re-read the federal proposals to note not merely the kinds of services visualized as essential for all Canadians but the estimated average cost of each service. General practitioner service, for example, was estimated to cost \$6.00 per person per annum, on the average; dental care was similarly estimated at \$3.60.

The "Health Insurance Proposal" visualized a "First Stage" including general practitioner service, hospital care and visiting nursing service, at a total estimated average cost per capita of \$10.20 per annum. Later stages in the program were to include consultant, specialist, and surgical services, other nursing services (including private duty), dental care, laboratory services (including X-rays), and pharmaceutical services, including drugs, serums, and appliances. It was considered, in 1945, that the entire program, all stages included, would cost approximately \$21.60 per capita per year. The total federal contribution including the basic and additional grants would be no more than the \$12.96 mentioned previously: that is, 60 per cent of the cost.

There is little need to point out, after six years, that the "Health Insurance Proposal" and many other proposals of 1945 were conditional upon the completion of tax agreements between the federal and all provincial governments. These have not been sought by the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. This fact alone, presumably, without consideration of all other possible obstacles including the assumed opposition of the medical profession, has blocked the development of a public health insurance program of the type visualized at the end of the war. From time to time, however, Mr. Martin and other cabinet ministers have reiterated that health insurance remains an objective of the Liberal government.

Obviously the national and provincial medical associations have been given sufficient time to undertake private programs in an effort to head off a national public scheme. By the end of 1950 there were nine prepayment health plans sponsored by the provincial (and one county) associations. In addition, two separate plans provide hospital services alone. The following table, published in the June, 1951, issue of the *Canadian Doctor*, shows the number enrolled in the schemes and the fees charged for individual and family subscribers in 1950.

PREPAYMENT MEDICAL CARE PLANS IN CANADA 1950

Province and Name of Plan	Date Incorporated	Number Enrolled 1949	Number Enrolled 1950	Annual Cost Indiv. Family
British Columbia Medical Services Association	1948	140,454	163,608	\$ 21 63
Alberta Medical Services Inc.	1948	23,513	36,353	21 63
Saskatchewan Medical Services (Saskatoon) Group Medical Services	1946	25,090	35,229	21 60
Manitoba Manitoba Medical Service	1949	9,693	11,908	21 51
Manitoba Medical Service	1944	62,161	87,082	30 60
Ontario Associated Medical Services	1937	64,549	85,648	24 78
Physicians' Services Inc.	1947	42,488	109,768	18 60
Windsor Medical Services Inc.	1937	76,117	93,893	22 73.20
Quebec Quebec Hospital Service Ass'n	1946	362,029	469,116	12 33
Maritime Provinces Maritime Hospital Service Ass'n (covers Newfoundland)	1947	43,922	90,617	13.20 36
Maritime Medical Care Inc. (incorporated in Nova Scotia)	1949	23,641	36,586	18 66
TOTAL		873,657	1,219,808	

In the medical care plans, services to subscribers usually include general practitioner services in the home, the doctor's office, or hospital. Most plans cover surgical and obstetrical services (after a ten-month waiting period) as well. For the most part the contracts call for the provision of service, but in Ontario and the Maritimes repayment is made in cash to subscribers for outlays to physicians not participating in the plans. The table indicates that there are now approximately one and one quarter million subscribers (there is no indication as to whether dependents have been included in these figures). The number enrolled increased by about 40 per cent during 1950.

It should not be overlooked that two provincial governments have also undertaken partial programs of health insurance since the end of the war. British Columbia and Saskatchewan have introduced hospital insurance on a compulsory basis. Fees in British Columbia are now \$33 for single persons and \$42 for a family, per year; in Saskatchewan, the corresponding figures are \$10 and \$5 per dependent to a family maximum of \$30. In the Swift Current region of Saskatchewan a complete medical care service is provided to all at an annual cost of \$15 for a single person, \$24 for a family of two persons, \$30 for a family of three, and \$35 for a family of four persons or more. In addition, a land tax of 2.2 mills is levied on property owners in the area.

The Canadian Medical Association has now created an entirely new organization to be called "Trans-Canada Medical Services." This national program is proposed to co-ordinate the existing provincial plans. Dr. Gosse stated in his announcement that the objective of the scheme is to provide Canadians with "a better alternative to government health insurance." This statement, in the light of recent experience, requires careful consideration.

None of the provincial plans include dental care, nursing services, or drugs, and most of them do not include hospitalization. Nevertheless, the annual cost to individual and family subscribers compares favorably with the estimates of the federal government in 1945, when allowance is made for the inflation of the past six years. Those estimates were to be revised on the basis of actual costs after three years. There can be no doubt that the actual costs would have greatly exceeded the estimates in the first three-year period and would now be perhaps double the 1945 figures. In short, present subscribers do not appear to be making excessive payments for the services provided.

The writer, as a member of the Faculty of the University of Toronto, has been enrolled for the past two and a half years in Physicians' Services Inc., the plan of the Ontario Medical Association. The present cost of \$5.00 per month covers his family of four persons, including two small children. It is fair to state that the experience has been highly satisfactory, as it probably would be in the case of most families with small children. The fee is soon to rise to \$6.25 per month. Hospital care is provided separately through membership in the Blue Cross Plan for Hospital Care at a cost of \$2.60 per month for semi-private facilities. Total available coverage will thus cost about \$106 per annum without dental, nursing, or pharmaceutical services.

Unfortunately, the provincial medical schemes are limited, with one exception, to persons and families who can obtain membership in a group. Individuals, such as those who are self-employed, do not have access to these programs.

Even for those who are fortunate enough to be able to enroll, there are certain difficulties which may become more

serious as the number of subscribers increases to the point where they become a relatively important proportion of the individual doctor's practice.

At the present time, subscribers (except in Windsor) face the fact that a good many doctors do not participate in the provincial prepayment plans. This is particularly true of some categories of specialist. When specialized consultation is required, the subscriber often must seek out and identify a doctor who is participating. Otherwise the subscriber pays the specialist's fee in full and receives a repayment (six to eight weeks later in Ontario) of the amount which would have been paid to the doctor had he been participating. Depending on the nature of the treatment, the loss to the subscriber may run from one-third to one-half.

In the writer's very limited experience, several doctors have indicated dissatisfaction with certain aspects of the Ontario plan. As might be expected, the degree of dissatisfaction seems to vary inversely with the age of the physician. One minor problem is the length of time which elapses before payment is made. Payments are made at the rate of 90 per cent of the scale set out by the Ontario Medical Association in 1948. The sacrifice of 10 per cent is recognized as necessary for administrative and other purposes and to ensure solvency. What is not so clearly recognized is a somewhat arbitrary method of scaling down fees, from time to time and from patient to patient, before the 90 per cent rule is applied.

Of more importance, specialists are paid at general practitioner rates. To an obstetrician and gynaecologist who normally charges from \$100 to \$150, Physicians' Services in Ontario pays \$45 (90 per cent of \$50) for a confinement, including pre-natal care. A good deal of dissatisfaction appears to stem from this practice. The patient, on the other hand, is sometimes asked to make up the difference, and, while she is saving \$45, she is not being covered for obstetrical service as stated in the Certificate of Agreement.

Doctors have also indicated that it is particularly annoying to them, after a long series of treatments, to have the patient produce his membership certificate indicating that he is a subscriber in the provincial plan. It would appear that some patients are reluctant to disclose their enrollment at the first appointment or during the series of treatments, for fear that the doctor will not accept them as patients or may not treat them as well in all respects.

Some patients appear to realize that the doctor may only receive a partial or nominal payment, and may have to wait a considerable time for that. The patient is uncomfortable, and the doctor is uncomfortable. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that some doctors who formerly participated in the Ontario plan have withdrawn their participation. This obviously makes additional problems for subscribers who are normally their patients.

Presentation of the national plan of the Canadian Medical Association was accompanied by a statement by Dr. P. H. McNulty, Chairman of Trans-Canada Medical Services, to the effect that "the Association recognizes that the people want medical insurance and it is going to give it to them." Dr. McNulty believes that 75 per cent of the Canadian population should be able to take advantage of the plan: that is, presumably, can find a group and can afford the monthly payments.

For those who cannot afford such payments, the Canadian Medical Association proposes a form of public medical care on a "means test basis." It is not clear whether the medical profession believes that governments should pay

contributions for such persons or restrict public medical care to a public assistance provision of other security programs.

Needless to suggest, the developments of the past few years have posed a fundamental dilemma for Canadians. Internal and external affairs have combined to forestall a national public health insurance program. The increased cost of national defence and the introduction of the universal old age pension at age 70 may lessen the prospect still further. It would appear that little progress can be expected in this area from Ottawa. Nor are provincial governments likely to do much more than the few experimental ventures thus far undertaken. After all, they are expected, on the 1945 pattern, to administer the programs and bear 40 per cent of the cost, not to mention the opposition of the professions.

In the meantime, the medical profession is offering national coverage to meet part of our medical risks and it believes that 75 per cent of Canadians can be so served. Certain major risks, particularly dental care, remain uncovered. There are other minor difficulties of a psychological and administrative nature which might be lessened with some pressure from the doctors and the subscribers. To date, however, the latter have no voice in the administration of any of the provincial plans nor is such participation visualized for Trans-Canada Medical Services.

It is always a difficult question to know which horse to back in a two-horse race. It is even more difficult when one horse has not yet even appeared on the track. One can do no worse than break even by betting both. The provincial plans can be improved and their coverage widened, both in terms of services and eligibility. On the other hand, a national public scheme of health insurance will likely come only after long, subtle, and strong pressure by a great many more Canadians than now appear active or interested.

Black and White

The God of Africa is black.
Primal God is swarthy, burned
By the salt of time, the blasts of space,
The blaze of suns and fierce red stars.
The God of jungle, veldt and desert,
Quick teeming life and arid waste,
Is a jealous God, swift to destroy
The despoiler who provokes His wrath.
His praise, the measured throb of His heart
Timing the dark pulse of a continent,
Is newly troubled and mocked by the chant
Of the pallid apostles of apartheid. —Fred Swayze.



Samuel Champlain

If you should have been at a certain place in the forest,
Concealed behind a tree, perhaps in rain,
You might have seen a small man who became a statue
Pass by with lowered head—this also was Samuel Champlain.

The sculptor, studying old prints and faded pictures,
Debating mentally the virtues of bronze and stone;
And certainly such a man must wear a sword, his bearing
Be that of a cavalier, and stand alone

In a city square. The reality was slightly different,
We know who have crouched and watched him pass,
His forehead troubled with thoughts of Indian ambush,
His eyes like knives that moved on the moving grass.

Or standing on the gallery of the wooden blockhouse
At Quebec, and watching his tame Indians play;
Under the transverse shadow of Cape Diamond,
With night sounds near at hand and far away.

Or chatting with Abraham Martin and Louis Hebert,
Smiling a little over inconsequential things.
And later reflecting a trifle sadly concerning
The moods of men, the uncertain temper of kings.

Still later—it won't be necessary to hide behind a tree—
Centuries later in the lower town, perhaps in rain,
A man with a sword standing stiffly in the city square
Where the dead sculptor worked—this too was Samuel Champlain.

—Alfred W. Purdy.

The French Elections

Patricia van der Esch

►THE RESULT OF THE GENERAL ELECTION in June has not been decisive. The party balance leaves no clear majority for the former coalition government, a strengthened right-wing opposition, and a slight decrease in the communist ranks. This can only produce a more divided and unstable government.

The Government parties, consisting of the Mouvement Republicain Populaire (MRP) and the socialists, had 292 seats as opposed to 227 opposition seats. The 65 seat majority is likely to be as precarious in the French National Assembly as the much smaller majority by which the Labour party is governing England. The de Gaulle Rassemblement du Peuple Francaise (RPF) emerged as the strongest single party with 121 elected deputies. The socialists were next with 107 seats which meant a small increase of 8; the communists had 106 seats, a decrease of 60 seats since November, 1946. The MRP lost most heavily, however, dropping from 162 to 95. The left republicans gained 38 seats to make their total 90. The small moderate parties had 94 which means that they can tip the balance of power in the Assembly. As their support will more likely go to the RPF than to the socialists, it is evident that there will be a shift to the right.

A more accurate picture of the voting emerges if one divides the number of votes obtained by each party by the number of seats it has gained. There are an average of 50,000 voters for every communist seat, 37,500 for each RPF, 28,000 for each MRP, 26,000 for each socialist, 23,000 for each left republican and 19,000 for each independent seat.

The two major changes are, of course, the decrease in the MRP strength with a loss of nearly 50 per cent of its previous vote and the surprisingly large vote received by de Gaulle's RPF which entered the political arena for the first time. It is interesting to note that the few socialist gains did not often coincide with communist losses. The decrease in the latter's support is principally due to the fact that in 1946 the communists were taking part in the Government and thus gained many votes of left-wing Frenchmen who were not revolutionaries. Today they have lost this vote and their campaign to attract lower middle class support on the basis of protecting the artisan has failed.

Obviously, the French people sought a change in the direction of their affairs. They have voted for a party which offered them a new program just as they did in the previous general election when the MRP was first formed as a political party. The MRP was centered around the progressive Catholics who played a leading part in the resistance movement; its program stresses social justice and morality in political affairs. It has had a comparatively good record in the last respect but, during its term of power, it never made any successful attempt at constitutional, fiscal or administrative reform. The present vote reflects dissatisfaction with its inaction in these fields.

Now the French Catholic vote has switched to de Gaulle's RPF which also offers them moral revival through the Catholic church as well as far-reaching plans for revision of the constitution in order to rob the political parties of their dominant position. De Gaulle would suppress the communist party completely. His party is a nationalist party above all which wants to build a strong and united French state free from the conflict of parties and of class. The changes that the RPF want to make in the economic system have never been very clearly defined and the left-wing accuse de Gaulle, not without reason, of wanting a totalitarian form of government. In any case, the RPF does offer the French people a change and I believe that this is one of the main reasons why it suddenly captured more seats in the Assembly than any of the other parties. It has profited from the "floating vote" consisting of disappointed socialists, Catholics and radicals, young adventurers, the petty bourgeoisie and patriotic Frenchmen who have a negative approach to politics and yet want a change.

The socialists have made only small gains. They are faced with an even more compromised position as they continue to hold power only by grace of the MRP. The new electoral law was designed to keep the "Third Force" parties in power, which it has done, but not as thoroughly as they may have hoped. The socialist vote has steadily decreased from 4 million in October, 1945 to 2,700,000 today. The socialists moved to the centre in order to combat the communists after the war, and also to prevent the MRP from moving to the right, perhaps into the arms of the newly-formed RPF. It is therefore caught between two fires in a very difficult position. Its strength depends upon the support of the MRP but the chief basis of an alliance between the two parties is the maintenance of power. As a Frenchman has put it succinctly: "If the socialists today have neither the method of Marx, nor the faith of Jaures, nor the austerity of Guesde, what then remains? Power, without doubt. It is a great deal, and it is nothing."

In any case, the present balance of political parties will lead to much gnashing of teeth and long discussions behind closed doors before a new government can be formed. Edouard Herriot has been re-elected President of the Assembly but so far Queuille and Bideault have both refused to attempt to form a government, Petsche and René Mayer have failed, and now Paul Reynaud is trying again.

The RPF made a clever initial move in the new Assembly by tabling a resolution for state aid to parochial schools. This may well threaten the coalition; the socialists will not compromise in their opposition to the measure and the MRP will be forced into declaring its policy in the matter. There is no question that the MRP as a Catholic party will not support the resolution, but whether they wish to make it into an issue over which to quarrel with the socialists is another affair. If the RPF were able to break up the coalition there would be a long political deadlock because it has not a sufficient majority to govern by itself and this is the only condition on which de Gaulle will take power.

The question that everyone is asking at the moment is what will the role of the RPF be in the government? If de Gaulle continues in his aloof attitude, the third force may continue in power by minimizing its inner antagonisms although it will find itself dependent on the right-wing of the Assembly. If, on the other hand, the General condescends to compromise with another party or parties which are convinced that he will govern by constitutional means, he could have a major voice in French policy.

The last word cannot be said on the election until the government is formed and we know what line the political leaders have taken on the basis of the new vote. It seems most probable that the "third force" will continue on its way with a less stable foundation in the Assembly and the country.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

►WHAT IS IT THAT SETS some films apart from the common run? Is it their theme, story, wit, or technique? Think back to movies you've seen, some of them years ago, and still remember with present pleasure. I think of *Modern Times*, *Nanook of the North*, *Hail the Conquering Hero*, *Brief Encounter*, *The Browning Version*. You probably have a list of your own.

Somewhere in the back of every movie-goer's mind is tucked away a standard of comparison, whether he's ever put it into words or not. In the broadest sense it's not a standard for movies alone; it's a standard for every art, and for all art. What's my criterion? Is it the same as yours? What makes me think, for instance, that Carl Dreyer's *Day of Wrath* is the most satisfying movie I've ever seen? Or again, when I think of *Louisiana Story* and *Grapes of Wrath*, both of them examples of expert movie-making, why does *Louisiana Story* seem the finer document of the two?

Well, to begin with, whether they're low comedies, high tragedies, or historical dramas, movies should be realistic. Of course there's one kind of realism the movies have always had—photographic realism. Hollywood goes to infinite trouble to make sure of physical detail—landscape, furniture, period costumes—all are pinned down with deadly accuracy. But against those sharply authentic backgrounds move the most fantastic characters, with motives as mythical as dragons. Most movie characters are drawn, not from life, but from blueprints supplied to the industry by all kinds of

pressure groups, which govern it through the production code. In other words, Hollywood is hamstrung by purblind idealists as well as by the nature of its largest market, the mentally and emotionally immature. What one keeps hoping to see in the movies are real people, in all their variety and strangeness, reacting to serious or ridiculous situations in any one of the thousand and one ways, unexpected and yet perfectly credible, in which real people do react. And sometimes that hope is fulfilled.

Day of Wrath, for instance, has a Janus-like quality; it's a two-way experience. Here we are, living in Canada in the twentieth century. And there on the screen is seventeenth century Denmark—quite unmistakably another country and another century. We see interiors like Dutch paintings, and faces that Rembrandt might have painted, only distorted by fear. But the picture's validity isn't merely a matter of costume and setting. Because the director and his actors have thought their way back in time, the mental and emotional climate in Day of Wrath is mediaeval too. One of the main characters is a minister of the church; his face is seamed and lined with the endless struggle against evil. There is no charity or humility in that face; quite without words you understand that that was a century of fierce religious belief and consuming, old-testament hate. People believed in witchcraft, and persecuted each other for it with the kind of zeal which we now reserve for Nazis and Communists. There's the point—these people are not really foreign or alien to us at all. Because though witchcraft is something we reject both intelligently and emotionally, we recognize in ourselves the same roots of both hate and love. And so—this is the two-way experience—we not only learn a good deal about the

seventeenth century, but we find out more about ourselves than we'd have thought possible. Vigorous and vital art always produces that kind of experience; as long as the movies can produce it too they have a right to be taken seriously.

Of course to be realistic it's by no means necessary to be unpleasant or tragic or even feverish. Louisiana Story, made by Robert Flaherty for Standard Oil—has a kind of cool and lucid beauty that your mind returns to again and again, as if it were a kind of oasis. Here are the swamps and bayous of Louisiana, and the animals and people who live there. From the very beginning you see how close to the source of their livelihood and strength the people live, and the way the tempo of their lives beats quietly in harmony with the rhythm of the river. The small boy who is the centre and focus of the film takes on a protective coloration, like the birds and animals; and in his encounter with modern machinery he shows the innocence and curiosity of a wild creature in the presence of something strange and new. Flaherty's genius was of that rare and self-effacing kind that gives us the truth clearly and directly, quite uncolored by his own personality. He was not only a genius, but a wise man; his death a short time ago, has something of real tragedy about it. Louisiana Story was his last picture; but more recently he was responsible for editing and arranging The Titan, a seventy-minute masterpiece of interpretation of Michael Angelo. Some cranks on technique have pointed out that The Titan could have been better, cinematically; and so, perhaps, it could. But what could not have been better was the tone and feeling, very like Flaherty's own, of understanding, affection, and respect for the dignity and



ROUTE DE LAURENTIEN (Lithograph)—FREDERICK HAGAN

vitality of the creative human spirit. I don't think anyone could see *The Titan* and be unmoved, or fail to grow a little because of it.

The Grapes of Wrath is another memorable picture for our list; but in spite of its power and sweep, I'd rank it lower than any of Flaherty's work, because it is a picture colored by the original author's sentiment. Steinbeck is always there, interpreting. He doesn't exactly obscure or distort the characters; but his feeling for them, his sentimentality, if you like, comes between us and them, and reduces a little their integrity and their ability to stand on their own feet.

The movies have given us two realistic studies of mental derangement, or insanity: *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, and *The Snake Pit*. *Doctor Caligari* is not physically realistic at all. From the beginning we are inside a sick mind, furnished with its odd scenery and distorted characters, and telling a strange and sinister story which, though fantastic, is full of the appalling logic of a nightmare, and quite as convincing while it lasts. In fact, probably the most disturbing thing about *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* is the fact that finding oneself in a madman's mind is not so strange an experience after all. The weird, twisted journey is illuminated by tiny shocks of recognition all along the way, and in the end the identification is so nearly complete that thereafter we are forever aware of the kinship between the sick and the healthy mind.

The Snake Pit, of course, does not abandon its audience to insanity nearly so completely. The lunatic ward, though unforgettable, is nevertheless presented from the point of view of one less insane than the rest. And so, since the picture does not carry us into the abnormal state of mind which is its subject, the audience can, and often does, laugh at the frenzy of the patients. Also, of course, the *Snake Pit* departs from reality by the speed and patness of the cure; it tells us that time passes, but it does not make us feel its passing. This is partly a technical fault; it is also, perhaps, a reflection of American optimism; to the Americans nothing is hopeless, or insoluble or incurable; Europeans know better.

You don't have to undertake a tragic theme or even one of high seriousness in order to produce a valid and worthwhile motion picture. Look at Preston Sturges. Accuracy and lightness of touch are not mutually exclusive; a thing can be funny and true at the same time. *The Magnet*, for instance, is as true a picture of a child's mind as is *The Fallen Idol*, and a good deal more pleasant. But to make a good picture you do have to know what people are like and to present them with some regard for human truth.

With so such to learn and to tell ourselves about ordinary life, it is a great pity that the larger part of the film industry spends its time, and our money, spinning gossamer lies for children.

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The Chord That Was Lost

John V. Hicks

(SHORT STORY)

► SOMEHOW HE HAD THE LOOK about him. He came up to me at the organ, carrying an armful of rather tattered music, dumped the lot on the console, and took a seat with the now-what air of a dog who has fetched a stick. I noted again that he had the look. I muttered a brief litany to the intent that I might be preserved from *It*.

Whenever they deposit in front of you an armful of rather tattered music, and look at you as much as to say there it is, that's the works, you can bet all your eight-foot stops against a steeple pigeon that somewhere in the pile will be *It*. And it is even money they will pick it out first.

"Well," I opened, "what do you think you'll sing?"

There was a sort of missionary meeting being held in the church that evening, and this chap was the soloist. We had arranged a rehearsal over the phone earlier, and he had come equipped for a marathon. And with him, I felt quite reasonably certain, would be *It*.

He got up from his seat and thumbed into the pile. I stepped on a tonic pedal and began fingering some restless harmonies on my *Gemshorn*, bloodlessly, while he thumbed. Finally he came up with one.

"I rather thought—" He straightened, brightened. My throat tightened. He handed me the copy, smiling comfortably. I shuddered. It was as I had feared. It was *It*. It was *The Lost Chord*. And he was still smiling.

"Hm-m-m," I ventured. Even the *Gemshorn* had stopped.

The man beamed. When he sensed that it was his turn to speak, he said, "Do you think they'll like that one?" He beamed again.

Fellow, I thought, they'll chew the book racks out of the pews. They'll love it.

I replied, "Oh, sure. But—er—well, I had thought perhaps something sacred—"

Registration nil. He continued to look at me, precisely as though I had not spoken. I swallowed and spoke again.

"It's very well known, certainly." I was shilly-shallying, lacking the courage of all the high-flown convictions that were steaming inside me.

"It's my favorite of all my songs," he said, coming in on the beam. "You like it too, eh?"

Ah, there I was, on the spot at last.

"Well, to be truthful," I gave him, "it misses me. I think perhaps it started out with an idea, but if so it immediately got itself lost. I have never been able to figure what it's about. Certainly it isn't a sacred song."

There now.

"What ever do you mean?" the singer asked, with emphasis. I really don't think he was annoyed at me. Just completely taken by surprise, and genuinely so. He didn't know what I meant any more than I knew what *The Lost Chord* meant, or even now know what *The Lost Chord* means. I sighed.

"Perhaps I should simply say that I don't think it is quite as appropriate as some," I hedged, feeling as though I had rather overstepped my confidence.

"What do you think I should sing, then? I've several others." He looked at the pile a trifle sadly.

"Well, of course, it's a missionary meeting," I reminded him. "How about *St. Paul*? What could be better than 'O God, have mercy'?"

"I don't know that one," he said.

"Oh," I said.

The conversation was funnelling down. There were still questions in his eyes. He had a lost look, like the *Chord*. I felt he would come back to it, and he did.

"I thought everybody liked *The Lost Chord*," he exclaimed. "What makes you think it isn't sacred?"

"There just isn't anything in it to make me think it is," I countered. "Look. I'll read the words to you, slowly, and you tell me when I say a sacred one. Stop me the first sacred word I come to."

"But it's all sacred," he argued, not giving me a chance to begin. "The organ, the great *Amen*, then there's Death's bright angel—"

I sighed again. It would always be this way, I knew. I was into something with no bottom.

"Then just tell me what the thing means," I begged. "Look here—I'll give you a synopsis of it and you tell me what it means." Maybe I'd have him this time. "Listen to this." And I pitched in.

"A sad man was sitting at an organ, floundering around among a lot of loud chords, haphazard, without knowing what he was playing or thinking about. He was certainly no organist—"

I had to interrupt myself in the interests of fair play.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I'm allowing my personal prejudices to influence me. That wasn't a fair show. Let me try again."

I tried again.

"An organist" (I winced inwardly at the concession) "was sitting at his organ one day, feeling tired and ill at ease, and playing some loud chords at random. Suddenly he struck one which snapped him out of it, but which for some outlandish reason he didn't recognize—except that it reminded him of a great *Amen*. Of course one chord can't possibly sound like an *Amen*. It takes at least two chords to make an *Amen*—"

I had to stop myself again. I just couldn't keep on the track, somehow. I excused myself once more and turned off the juice to see whether that would make any difference. The sound of organ power going off usually soothes me.

"Anyway," I continued, "this chord calmed his spirit, making him feel at peace instead of perplexed. But he omitted to prop it up in his mind with a figured bass, and he was never able to find it again, incredibly. He decided that maybe when he died he would hear it."

I got nowhere, *vivace*. But somehow I felt better for having gotten all that rankling out from under my hide. To my own surprise we gave them *The Lost Chord* at the missionary meeting, and the most amazing thing happened. Everybody went home feeling more missionary-minded than ever.

But if I am less unconverted it is not to the credit of the late Mr. Sullivan or his librettist. Some day I am going to offer a substantial prize to the person who will explain to me what exactly is sacred about *The Lost Chord*, and another prize for an explanation as to what *The Lost Chord* means, or even for telling me in twenty-five words how to go about finding out what it means.



City hall may get a face-lifting prior to the visit of Princess Elizabeth and her husband to Toronto, depending on whether the couple will see it, Mayor McCallum said today. "There is no sense cleaning it all up if they won't be here," he remarked. (Toronto Star).

There are many good reasons why a party should not reveal the sources of its campaign funds, one of which is the biblical injunction to "give thine alms in secret." (The [Midland] Rural Scene).

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The Hon. Mr. Gardiner also spoke on the "misinformed people in the country who thought India had a famine. India is the wealthiest nation in the world, bar none, and the fact that she turned down our offer of wheat, on the grounds that it was frozen, is proof that they didn't need it." (St. Catharines Standard).

Mr. MacKenzie, head of one of Manitoba's largest farmer organizations, contended that Mr. Gardiner caused "irreparable losses to Western Farmers and the Liberal Party" and suggested he be appointed to the Senate. (Montreal Gazette).

Perhaps, more than anything else, the industry attaches considerable importance to the so-called minority report of the Montreal civil engineer, Arthur Surveyer, who saw eye-to-eye with the private stations' quest for an independent regulatory body and agreed with them on many other points.

As this paper has pointed out, the majority report was subscribed to by four members of the Commission, all of whom might be described as "educators." There is reason to question, therefore, whether either report constitutes a louder voice than the other. (Canadian Broadcaster & Telescreen).

By a vote of 41 to 21, the town of Kentville ratepayers rejected Parking Meters last week. The mayor later announced that the meters would be installed just the same. (Kentville Advertiser).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to C. Coburn, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

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The Water House

Kenneth MacLean

(SHORT STORY)

► PAUL STOOD WAITING at the dock for the boat to come to take him to the island. It would be the last party of the summer. He had driven up from their farm down the River where his family had always spent their summers away from the busy centre. But the centre itself was busy no longer. He thought of this place as it had been when he was a boy, this wharf and the great hotels behind it with their wrought-iron porches and glass cupolas streaming slender white banners. Here years ago, society, not yet dissipated, felt the warm nights in gardens by the River where negroes tended green alleys. The better mysteries that brought men and women together in such places at such times Paul did not know then, and the meeting of men and women at such places at such times presented only a garish if exciting scene. In his dreams in these boyhood nights the islands in the great River became a dry earthquake land that caked off as one ran forward to catch up with a father and a mother. One island in particular was very much a part of that remembered strangeness. It was named Dark Island. One night he had seen tied at the great wharf a black steam yacht that bore the name of that island. Electric lights made golden its bending glass saloon where stood tables covered with white cloths and silver urns and white flowers trailing leaves. They spoke of a wedding party, but for the boy nothing would fill the black ship and the empty tables with happy illusion. Those days were gone, and everything else had gone, too.

This now was clearly a region which society had used and passed through. Most of the great pleasure houses were falling into ruin. Here and there only tall chimneys stood in the long island fields. Huge gray water barns slumped on their piers.

A white boat came out of the darkness, and in a moment a girl wearing a white dress and white shoes with very high heels had rushed up to Paul. There had been no need for her to get out of the boat and run up to meet him. A greeting was not expected, and he was able to get in the boat by himself, and was about to do so. But Jane wanted to say something to him alone—perhaps alone on this lonely wharf. It was one of her planned pieces of drama. Jane obviously was still very young. What she said in her quick moment was: "I know I'm not good enough for you." To Paul this was an irrelevant and meaningless statement. The trouble with Jane, he thought to himself automatically, was that she was young. As he thought this, across his mind flashed a picture of sweetheart roses standing in a glass of ginger ale. It was pleasant to think that he would not have to say much to her—that the sound of motors would leave him to himself. It was pleasant, too, to be on the water this dark night. Septembers were dry up in this River region, so different from the hill countries where early autumn is damp and mouldy: mushrooms blowing in the mist—the cattle wet at mouth and hoof—blue gentians and white parnassia blooming by soggy brooks. But now tonight the spray of the boat was wonderful: stars exploding into the universe; the real stars here, too, undercutting the sun in black chance.

Their boat passed by the white hulls of sailboats at



OLD WOMAN (Lithograph)—FREDERICK HAGAN

their moorings, and swung into the lighted boathouse, with its gleaming inner surfaces of varnished walls and cedar canoes. Jane stepped quickly out of the boat, and walked hurriedly off to the cement circle leading to the great house. Paul would not show that he was hurrying to keep up with her as he tried to slow her pace with a question: "Where is your father?" Jane's father had always been on hand when boats arrived, to greet guests and call out instructions to the boatmen. That immaculate summer dress and those captain's commands went oddly, Paul had always thought, with the voice and the movements which were all country-style. He had the backcountry way of standing much on his heels, and he spoke in most folksy idiom, southern winters having doubled his dialect. "How ah you all? Pretty soakin' out there? Let me dry you all up here. Sweet you are to come." It was altogether likely, Paul thought, that this man spoke the same idiom in his Wall Street office that he used up here on his island estate. Paul suspected that American business was conducted in a language that was a blend of backcountry and babytalk. "Daddy is not here," Jane said. "But mother's here." And she hurried across the straw verandah and into the room where the little party already was dancing.

In these late days at the River the parties were always small and dry. They seemed like the tag end of the good parties one had seen. Only a few families still remained in these big island homes, and they were, with some notable exceptions, a conservative residue. The formal ways remained. The very young men wore blue coats with their white flannels and slippers. Solitary maidens were sent and called for in lengthy launches. Parties here inevitably added a loneliness to the end of the day. Here now tonight in this hall a fire was burning in the wide granite fireplace, and a single long dress swept before it like a great broom. The little orchestra was abandoning the slow foxtrot for a waltz with diminishing gaiety. The room itself might have entertained cheer. It had been well done. The very best taste would have been offensive in a house of high varnished interiors and sweeping China porches. What had been added were gay things; the painted sidetable, the green slender caned settee. There was an elegance here—that was wasted, though, and lonely.

Jane's mother was not dancing as she usually was at these young parties which she almost alone had seemed to enjoy. She seemed to adore young men, and they adored her for the black sparkle in her eyes, her very white dresses, and her very black hair. Very young men were observant of only the very best. But tonight this very pretty woman sat in a group of lacy older ladies, so unlike herself in appearance. In the way of the unhappy, Jane's mother had a faculty of being always with the wrong age-group.

Jane had not waited to dance with Paul. The dramatic beginnings of this evening had brought him thus far no greater opportunity than that of slumping in a chair in this slow row of mother's friends. The orchestra made conversation difficult, and Jane's mother, as she sat in the group, seemed herself less than disposed to talk. She looked depressed, and even ill. It occurred to Paul that perhaps her old laughter and talk, which he had loved too, had been after all only a kind of hysteria. He found himself absorbed in thinking of her new and sudden gloom. It was not like her to look puzzled as she did now, to hold a faint continuous smile, to leave the room for the purposeless neurotic errand. These errands, Paul could suspect, would never end, and no one would ever be long and far enough to take her properly away. Those black eyes would now burn for-

ever like coals; the black hair would grow inward and clog the mind, the red lips would speak an inner insanity.

It was very evident that her husband was not here tonight. Ten years ago he and his wife had taken over their island with some sense of happiness. He had enjoyed being able to buy one of these great island estates, and the prospect had pleased him of becoming a polite patron of the River town that catered in this late day to these mansions. But in the course of these years, he had had a growing suspicion that his instincts were not polite. These instincts he hid, or indulged in private. He preferred to do his drinking in bathrooms, in bedrooms, out in boats. Fishing parties with rough guides from the mainland were a purgation. Fishing itself, he suspected, was something deeply sensual, orgiastic, nasty. Out there on the River he would drink from the bottle and open a gurgling little sewer of jokes. The dairy farms he had acquired on the mainland (one a family place) and the cheese factories attached to them made him an area of nicer relaxation. In these retreating years he had acquired a kind of land-office over in the mainland town, which became a centre of expectation for boatmen and less respectable personages. A series of native girls had served him as stenographers here, and were the companions of brief but hearty business hours. Some of the girls were cousins, and all of them were what he called clean girls. The most recent of the native stenographers was not quite like the other girls. The surface here was somewhat less noisy, less hard. He had now taken some rooms in the large empty hotel near his offices—the same hotel in which he had spent his honeymoon. It was not unpleasant to think of his degradation. Cornstalks and names painted large on red barns—kittens under a kitchen stove and the wet floor of dairies.

It was time for Paul to be on his feet and dancing, and this he was quickly doing with cultivated surges of pleasure. And after a while, with steps which again would not hurry, he walked over to Jane, who seemed to be looking about aimlessly. Could he help her with anything?

"Everything's fine," she said. "Why don't we go outside?"

Here, he thought, was more of that drama. As she stepped quickly toward the door, she took a white sweater from a chair and threw it around her shoulders, lifting her straw-colored hair as she did so. Outside on the cement circle that cut the dim lawn her pace slowed down. She toed along in her high-heeled shoes, watching herself the slow white movement. Though Paul had nothing to say himself, he knew that any initiative Jane took in conversation would be irritating to him. He felt most heavily the depression of this September night that was becoming warm and windless. Out in the wide distance of the River the green and red flash of the lighthouses made little nightmare patterns.

"What did you want, Jane?" Paul asked as he watched these lights.

"Let's sit down awhile," she said, and she walked quickly now across the dry lawn to a canvas couch standing near a dark linden tree by the water's edge. Paul followed her. As they looked over the back of the couch, to their surprise, they saw someone lying there. They at once recognized the delicate figure, the pretty shoes, the soft woolly coat which was held close to shoulder and chin.

"What, mother? Is that you? Aren't you feeling well?"

"O, darling, I was just lying down a minute. Sit down, please. And you, Paul. Sit with me."



Music Review

Milton Wilson

► AS GERALD ABRAHAM points out in the anthology of essays on Grieg*, which he has edited, Grieg was a minor master: one of an important group of artists who, although their anniversaries pass unnoticed in most of the world, can give us something that their more important brethren do not. They should not be confused with those who aim high and are merely incomplete major artists. The authors of this anthology never make such a mistake. They see Grieg with Bizet, Chabrier, Delius and Smetana, not Franck, Elgar, Reger, Bruch, and Bloch. Grieg's lapses into the pretentious and stuffy arouse little enthusiasm in its pages. Alan Frank, for example, sees the good things in the chamber music surrounded by alien formalities and padding. The piano pieces and songs, however, which accept their limitations most of the time, receive a great deal of discriminating praise in the interesting chapters by Kathleen Dale and Astra Desmond.

Perhaps the total effect is to pigeon-hole Grieg unduly. One is reminded of a passage in Cecil Grey's *History of Music*, which seems to reprove Schubert for writing anything but songs. But Grieg was no Schubert (a composer equally fitted for the large and the small), and the pigeon-hole may very well fit. At any rate, for those who, like myself, have never been tempted to explore Grieg's music, this book, with its 104 musical examples, should provide an effective stimulus.

Correspondence

The Editor: I have been a subscriber to the *Canadian Forum* for a number of years and occasionally have forwarded to you small special contributions in aid of its finances. I have done this because I believed the *Forum* to be a necessary and very worthy journal.

More recently, however, I have been wondering. You seem to have changed your policy—and, in my opinion, not to any good effect. And in your last number you have an editorial under the caption "The Front Page" which, I confess, aroused my ire. The writer, under what purports to be a favorable appraisal of the journalistic skill of Mr. B. K. Sandwell because of "his urbanity, his tolerance, his liberalism, his balanced judgment," has deliberately dragged in the following urbane (small-townish) statement: "But we have often wondered whether a man of these gifts should not have been kept within the walls of some university—a real university, that is, not a Presbyterian college—where he might have helped to civilize the young . . ." It is the parenthesis which is so obnoxious. It could be considered vicious, were it not so utterly inane. Am I to presume that this is the product of some Anglican or United Church snob, and that the *Forum* is now to lend itself to the exploiting of such mean and stupid ecclesiastic innuendoes? At any rate, this parenthesis is neither "urbane" in its original sense (well-bred)—not to mention tolerant or liberal—nor of "balanced judgment," although all of these epithets are rapidly coming into justifiable disrepute these days.

I am a Presbyterian theological professor and I can assure you that among my colleagues there are men much

* GRIEG: A SYMPOSIUM: Gerald Abraham; Burns & MacEachern; pp. \$4.00

more seriously and intelligently concerned about that for which you once professed to stand, than there would appear to be at times among some of your present editorial staff, with their high-brow dilettante attitude of sitting on the fence, merely weighing pros and cons. Please come off the fence and risk being a thorough-going "crusader" at least once in a while.

W. W. Bryden, Principal,
Knox College, Toronto.

[We agree that the phrase was ill-chosen. The intention was to distinguish between real universities and isolated little colleges.—Ed.]

The Editor: In an article in *The Canadian Forum* of August, 1951, Frank H. Underhill says:

"If *Maclean's Magazine* achieved its ambition, and American competition was shut out from its constituency, it would continue to be what it is now, only more so, i.e. a second-rate *Saturday Evening Post* or *Colliers*."

With the second part of the sentence I do not propose to quarrel, since it involves questions of judgment and prophecy.

The first part of the sentence, however, involves a question of fact. I assume that before Professor Underhill wrote his piece about the Massey Report he read the Massey Report. The Massey Report makes it entirely clear that the Canadian Periodical Press, which includes *Maclean's Magazine*, does not want to shut out either American competition or any other kind of competition from its constituency. On Page 64, the Massey Report referring to the brief of the Periodical Press Association of Canada says:

"We were impressed by the fact that the Canadian periodicals neither desired nor requested any protective measures apart from an adjustment of tariff rates on paper imported from the United States for publishing purposes."

The Report goes on to explain that the Canadian Periodical Press asked for a 99 per cent drawback of the duties now paid on magazine paper imported from the United States. It explains that when the same kind of paper comes in in the form of American magazines no duty or sales tax is paid to the Canadian Government. All that was asked was the removal of a tax now imposed on Canadian periodicals but not imposed on American periodicals. This could have no effect on the position of American magazines nor was it desired by the Periodical Press of Canada that it should have.

Ralph Allen, Editor, *Maclean's*, Toronto.



Turning New Leaves

► "FOR ALL MY EGOTISM," Sherwood Anderson wrote in his *Memoirs*, "I know I am but a minor figure." This is an all the more moving expression of humility and detachment because it is not the kind of remark we would necessarily expect from a writer like Anderson. And yet today, only ten years after his death, even this modest statement of achievement almost seems to claim too much: to most younger readers, I suspect, Anderson is no longer even a respected minor figure. It is F. Scott Fitzgerald who is enjoying a boom right now, and as Mr. Howe says in his recent critical biography of Anderson*, "Today the reader who intently admires Fitzgerald's work is not likely to admire Anderson's."

For my part, I do not particularly admire Fitzgerald, while for some of Anderson's work I feel a continuing respect and a very real affection. It is true that even in comparison with some of his contemporaries—Dreiser, Faulkner, and Hemingway—Anderson was a minor figure. It is also true that a number of his books can only be called embarrassingly bad, and that the greater part of his career must be put down as a failure. And yet when we have said all this, we should remember that Anderson did a few things beautifully and well, and that, while we cannot ignore his failures, it is by those books and stories in which he was successful that he must first of all be judged. It is not a long list, but it is not a shameful one either: *Winesburg, Ohio*; the novel *Poor White* (with some qualifications); six or eight of the short stories; some of the autobiographical writing, notably the *Memoirs*, and some of the reportage, notably *Puzzled America* (again, in both cases, with some qualifications).

Mr. Howe is one of the younger American critics, and his book belongs to the useful American Men of Letters Series. It is a sober and sensible book—by which I do not mean that it lacks vigor but rather that it avoids the extravagances of some of the earlier Anderson criticism. *Sherwood Anderson* includes intelligent readings of all of Anderson's important books and stories, and it also contains an affectionate, though not uncritical, biography of this writer whose life was never entirely free of frustration, sadness, and discontent.

By now almost everyone must know the story of Anderson's beginnings as a writer: how, a moderately successful manufacturer in the town of Elyria, Ohio, he said one day to his secretary: "My feet are cold and wet. I have been walking too long on the bed of a river"—and with that left the factory forever, to follow his demon. It is a fine legend, and it satisfies some of the myths of the American writer which Anderson later adopted. But, unfortunately, it is too simple. For after leaving the factory in Elyria, Anderson drifted to Chicago and a job as an advertising copy writer. And for some years longer he was tempted by the prospect of an easy success in advertising, until, after much vacillation, he made the complete break which Elyria came to represent.

In Chicago Anderson discovered a group of writers who were in rebellion against the East—by which they meant a rebellion against Puritan New England (the American past) and those European influences which seemed to them to dominate New York's literary society. Anderson shared these attitudes, and in some way the "Chicago school" undoubtedly helped him. For in Chicago he became for

the first time fully aware of himself as a writer, and the encouragement of the friends he made there helped him to write his most important book, *Winesburg, Ohio*. But the atmosphere of Chicago, with its naive rejection of literary tradition, also worked to his disadvantage in the long run. For Anderson was the kind of writer who could well have afforded to draw sustenance from some sort of relatively flexible tradition.

Anderson had his heroes, of course—notably Lincoln and Mark Twain. But he took from them what could be shaped to support his own attitudes, and meanwhile softened or distorted the complexities which existed in both men. Later he turned to D. H. Lawrence, where he found, among other things, confirmation of his own anti-intellectualism. But Lawrence, though anti-intellectual (sometimes, it seems, almost as a matter of principle), was also an intelligent and educated man, while Anderson, for his part, had much less to fall back upon.

In common with other writers from the American West, Anderson was also aware of a kind of tradition existing in the indigenous radical movements which flourished in that part of the country. Mr. Howe links Populism with Anderson's early novel *Marching Men*, a book in which the solidarity of the workers is celebrated in a way which eventually comes frighteningly close to modern totalitarianism.

Some critics have argued that when Anderson allowed *Marching Men* to draw to an inconclusive close, he showed that he was at heart a simple American democrat unable to follow through the sombre implications of his own novel. Mr. Howe has a different theory. He points out that scorn of intellectuals and ideas permeates the book; that stereotypes of the Jew can be found in it; and that it glorifies solidarity for its own sake and a slavish dependence on the leader. "To suggest that Anderson's novel provides a historically faithful portrait of Populism would," he concludes, "be merely malicious . . . (but) the blend of leader-worship and impatience with ideas present in *Marching Men* is also to be found in the undersides of Populism; it comprises an authoritarian tendency buried deep within a certain kind of plebeian revolt."

Mr. Howe leaves it there. But he might have added that there are other American writers—Jack London, Frank Norris, and Theodore Dreiser—in whose work the conflicting strains of American radicalism also make their appearance. Here, perhaps, is a field for a controversial and revealing study.

Marching Men is an early omen of the confusion which was to come. Anderson's next important book, *Winesburg, Ohio*, probably the one book of his which still has a large public, is a minor classic. It is often described as a lament for a way of life which was not to last much longer, or as belonging to "the revolt against the village." But as Mr. Howe shows, *Winesburg* has a far more generally valid and impressive subject. Its theme, which binds together the small histories of all its lonely, stammering "grotesques," is the failure or the distortion or the loss of love. "The grotesques," Mr. Howe writes, "are those whose humanity has been outraged and who to survive in Winesburg have had to suppress their wish to love." *Winesburg, Ohio* is, then, an elegy, not simply for a town which never existed or for a way of life which could never be more than limited, but for a civilization blindly denying one of its fundamental impulses.

Mr. Howe's reading gives *Winesburg, Ohio*, a new dignity, and places it in every respect at the centre of Anderson's work. But the centre did not hold for long. *Poor White* followed, and it is an important, though imperfect, novel.

**Sherwood Anderson*, by Irving Howe; George J. McLeod (William Sloane Associates); 271 pp.; \$4.50.

Scattered through the years are the famous short stories: "The Egg," "I Want to Know Why," "The Man Who Became a Woman," "Death in the Woods" . . . And even in those novels of the same period which are such sad failures—*Dark Laughter*, *Many Marriages*, *Beyond Desire*—there are always moments which repay the labor of reading. But for the most part Anderson found the twenties a barren decade, and even though *Many Marriages* was the nearest he ever came to a best-seller, economic insecurity complicated his struggle to find a satisfactory method of expressing himself.

At one point in his book, Mr. Howe writes that "Anderson's work becomes objectionable only when he ceases to grope, ceases to extend his curiosity and affection; only when he begins to imitate and unwittingly caricature the eagerness and openness of his best writing." I think that I understand what Mr. Howe means, but this remark still seems to come too close to the sort of comments about Anderson which have been sanctified by tradition. Did Anderson's groping always lead in fact to an extension of his curiosity and affection, or did it instead, as he grew older, become a kind of automatic response which too often hid from him things which he might otherwise have seen?

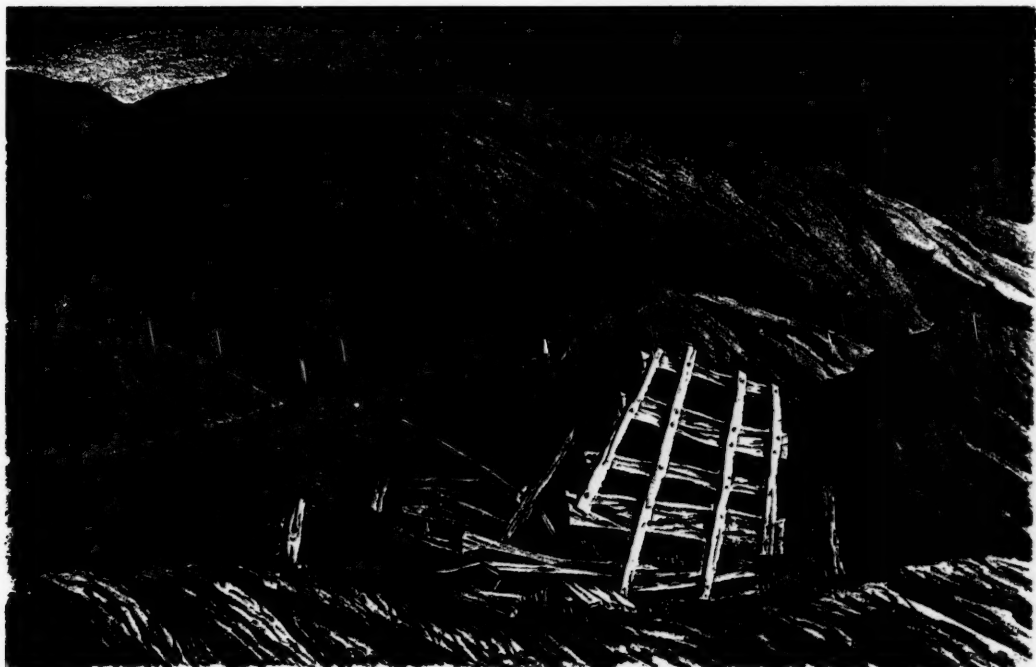
Anderson's groping was based in part on theory — a theory which was not without value, but which he pushed beyond its limitations. Like the "grotesques" in *Winesburg, Ohio*, Anderson found one truth, and it was beautiful; but when he "called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood." His truth was that words can be made too

hard and bright, destroying the mystery which is in life and in love—and in the very words themselves. So he clung to the mystery, fumbling with words. But in time the fumbling grew a little deliberate, and he began to refuse to distinguish between those mysteries which are authentic and those which merely represented his own refusal to do enough thinking.

It was always a dangerous theory, and even today we can see in two of Anderson's disciples—William Saroyan and the Canadian Morley Callaghan—how its dangers still persist. But when the theory worked, it meant that Anderson was able, for example, to summon up the quality of love in a way which his more talented contemporary, Ernest Hemingway never quite succeeds in doing. Even after the wreck of his career, when he wrote *Puzzled America* during the middle of the Depression, the trick still worked: for while I was re-reading *Puzzled America* not long ago, it seemed to me that despite all its intellectual weaknesses, despite its deliberate and sometimes infuriating repetition and vagueness, this book caught the mood of the early thirties in a lasting form which few of the more solid and ideological studies ever approached.

Near the end of his book, Mr. Howe says of Anderson that "there were a few moments when he spoke, as almost no one else among American writers, with the voice of love." That is a voice which we do not hear too strongly in modern fiction, and it seems to me that those moments when Anderson did speak with love should continue to merit a place for him in our affections.

ROBERT L. WEAVER.



THE REBELLIOUS HILLS (Lithograph)—FREDERICK HAGAN

Books Reviewed

THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE AND ITS LIMITS: Kurt Braun; Burns and MacEachern (The Brookings Institution); pp. 331; \$4.00.

In *The Right to Organize and its Limits*, Kurt Braun outlines the background historically of the workers' struggle to establish the right to organize, defines the limits imposed by the several countries under study, and then proceeds to examine that currently thorny question of union security and the devices worked out by labor, management, and government to establish such security. Countries under study are: United States, France, Germany, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. The techniques for attainment of union security surveyed are: the closed-shop, the union-shop, the preferential union-shop, the maintenance-of-membership arrangement, and the check-off by the employer of union dues. Braun indicates that these security devices are peculiarly American and have never been widely advocated or adopted in Europe. The author's principal concern in this work is for the negative right, legally implied, in the statutory right to organize—the right, that is, to refrain from union membership. This right, Mr. Braun contends, is violated under closed and union-shop agreements.

Legally trained readers will doubtless find much in this treatment that escapes the layman. Its numerous statutes and legal abstractions some may find even enjoyable, but the reviewer feels that a great deal of scholarship is herein misdirected. Questions involving union security will not, in the long run, be settled by interminable, abstract, theoretical discussions. The proper study of union security is in the union-shop itself. As a matter of fact, when Mr. Braun adopted a more sociological approach in the previous work (*Union-Management Co-operation: Experience in the Clothing Industry*; The Brookings Institution; 1947) he achieved more solid results. Mr. Braun knows that labor relations in the clothing industry have achieved their present high level through the medium of the union-shop and with the almost universal adoption of the check-off of union dues. It is significant that Mr. Braun was not alarmed about violations of individual freedom when he was right on the industrial scene itself and dealing with concrete relations between labor and management—not till he got back with the lawyers and the legislators did he become so concerned!

Another criticism must be stated. Kurt Braun is less than objective when he sees in the Wagner Act and the various state laws which supplement it concessions to labor's growing economic and political strength, yet deals with the Taft-Hartley Act, and its more stringent state accompaniments, as purely altruistic efforts to protect the individual worker against the monster of union coercion.

J. Lloyd Harrington.

CANADA'S CENTURY: D. M. LeBourdais; British Book Service; pp. 214; \$4.00.

Mr. LeBourdais should have followed his title by a question mark, for both at the beginning and end of his book he poses the problem as to whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier's oft-quoted phrase really has substance in it. At the beginning, he says that so far, at the half-century mark, Canada has not made good her claim to the twentieth century and at the end, he permits his optimism to convince him that during the forty-nine years that remain, she may very possibly make up for lost time.

While passing reference is made to other regions and resources, the book is mainly concerned with the mineral possibilities of the north. To acquaint the reader with them, Mr. LeBourdais gives a clear, though not overly penetrating, bird's eye view of the north, from Atlantic to Pacific, and its resources. He discusses proved mining areas, prospects, the transportation necessities involved and the future generally. The book adumbrates a sketch plan for a large-scale northern future, suggesting the locations of future lines of railroad, highways, ports, etc. Some of this is foreseeable, as, for example, the movement of settlement down the Mackenzie valley, with its accompanying facilities; much of it, like his projected railroad from Churchill across the subarctic, seems mere wishful thinking. The plan is that of an eager optimist, not the vision of a prophet.

No one will quarrel with Mr. LeBourdais for hoping for a brilliant future for his country. It is to be doubted, however, whether such a future is to be served by a facile service-club optimism. Canada has had too much of that spirit for its own good: it is the spirit of the mere boomster and booster, one which, leading to the crazy speculations and projects with which we are all too familiar, has put this country flat on its back more than once. I prefer a little honest pessimism, thanks.

Mr. LeBourdais opens his book by a condemnation of those who proclaim that there is a limit to the number of people Canada can support. I suspect I am one of those he has in mind. I am in good company—not so good as his, because he has for his supporters all the business men who are going to increase our numbers up to fifty millions or so over the next twenty-five (or is it ten?) years. However, I wouldn't trade places. Just look at what has happened and you can easily find out what will happen. When Canada crawls up to twenty-five millions, that will not mean new and important cities on Great Bear Lake; it will mainly mean enlarged Torontos and Montreals. It is not Virginia, Minn., sitting on top of the Mesabi iron range, that is the metropolis, but Pittsburgh.

I don't object to a considerably greater population in Canada than at the present—chiefly because I don't have to live in Toronto—but I'm sure a scientific, as opposed to a mere rosy, look at Canada, would bring out a picture a good deal closer to mine than to Mr. LeBourdais'. No man by taking thought can add a cubit unto his stature, and it is simply impossible for this northern country with its limited and scattered agricultural and other resources to have the future of the United States' present. Those who try to convey the impression that it can, it seems to me, are doing the disservice to our people worked by all those who excite false hopes.

A. R. M. Lower.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD: PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN: Laurence Thompson; Longmans Green; pp. 242; \$3.75.

Robert Blatchford was an English journalist of genius who was born in 1851 (he was named after the great Sir Robert Peel) and who lived on until 1943. His great days were in the 1890's and early 1900's, when the Labor party of today was being founded, when he edited the *Clarion* and wrote that miraculous pamphlet *Merrie England* and its successor, *Britain for the British*. He made socialism a living day-to-day gospel for hundreds of thousands of English men and women, especially in the northern industrial parts of the country. "I always think and argue with a slum child on my knee," he said; and this was the secret of his phenomenal success as a propagandist. He wrote for the common people whose lives and troubles and aspira-

tions he understood, and not for the intellectual elite or the governing classes at whom the Fabians aimed. "My task is to teach Socialism and get recruits for the Socialist army. I am not a general but a recruiting sergeant."

This book by Laurence Thompson, son of Blatchford's closest journalistic associate, is one of the most delightful volumes on the history of British Labor that has appeared for a long time. It is written with the same high spirits that marked Blatchford's own writings. It makes clear enough that Blatchford's socialism, from the point of view of our later disillusioned sophistication, was pretty simple and naive; but it also makes clear what a joy it must have been to be intimate with him in his prime, or, indeed, at any time in his life.

He didn't get on well with most of the official party leaders and ended by writing chiefly for non-party papers. Two factors caused trouble. For one thing, he wanted people to live a natural, spontaneous, happy neighborly life—socialism to him meant Merrie England—and he couldn't stomach the dour puritanism of Keir Hardie or the pharisaical self-righteousness of many of the party spokesmen. He would have enjoyed the South Bank in London this summer. His other trouble was that he had no patience with the eternal calculations of party expediency which made up the day-to-day thinking of the party bureaucrats. He was an incurable individualist—as are all the finest socialist spirits—who believed in saying what he thought when he felt like it. And what infuriated the bureaucrats, in their assiduous daily care for the socialist sheep, was that he knew how to say what he thought so much more effectively than they knew how to express themselves.

I was going to say that we have never had a radical writer like Blatchford in Canada except for the short time when

Harris Turner was editing *Turner's Weekly* and the *Western Producer* in Saskatchewan. But this would be to forget Elmer Roper in Alberta who makes a pretty good contemporary Canadian Blatchford and would make a still better one if he didn't have to look after the Alberta party as well. And Blatchford never had to face two such phenomena in succession as Aberhart and an oil boom. But somebody ought to gather an anthology of the best of Blatchford's journalistic writings for circulation among official CCF editors. Though probably it would take more than even Blatchford to make those dry bones live. *F.H.U.*

THE HOUSE OF LABOR: edited by J. B. S. Hardman and Maurice F. Neufeld; George J. McLeod (Prentice-Hall); pp. 555; \$6.75.

The principal concern of editors and contributors alike in *The House of Labor* is that those who serve labor in expert capacities should be given the opportunity to use their abilities to the full. That such is not the case in most unions is revealed clearly in this most outspoken treatment of the inner workings of United States trade unions. Perhaps most significant among the many reasons discussed here is that American union leaders distrust intellectuals. For the trained mind who would like to use his or her abilities in service to the labor movement this book supplies needed insight.

In the many viewpoints expressed by the various contributors there is an unevenness—inevitable in such a work—which strengthens it as a forum of labor opinions. Here even the editors disagree! But the whole work is ably cemented together by J. B. S. Hardman, who writes almost one hundred of its pages in his dual role as an editor and contributor. There is a great deal of information on union research and educational activities, and the place of the lawyer, the



NIGHT WALKER (Lithograph)—FREDERICK HAGAN

welfare director, the publicity man, and others are discussed—usually without any effort to minimize the difficulties under which each is forced to work in the union set-up. Among the forty-nine contributors are: James Carey, Broadus Mitchell, Robert S. Lynd, Victor Reuther, and Matthew Woll.

Research Director Solomon Barkin, of the Textile Workers' Union of America-CIO, puts his finger on one of the problems of the pro-labor intellectuals in the United States thus: "The field is most limited since ours is the country in which the labor movement is confined to trade unions, in contrast with other countries where the labor movement consists of a political party, co-operative organization, and intellectual organization, in addition to the trade unions."

With too few exceptions there is some disposition among even these intelligent contributors to accept the trade-union movement as it now is—as though divinely ordained in partnership between God and Samuel Gompers—rather than as something to be shaped by the thinking people in and on its political periphery. And this is not due to editorial selection of just such-minded contributors. The contributors are representative of labor opinion as a whole. As for Hardman and Neufeld, both are outspoken in urging the experts and intellectuals associated with labor to exert themselves in shaping labor's aims and ideals. Because for more than fifty years the major part of American labor had its head deeply buried in the sand, outsiders may be excused for being less than impressed by her political experts.

J. Lloyd Harrington.

THE NINETEEN FIFTIES COME FIRST: Edwin G. Nourse; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 184; \$2.75.

Dr. Nourse was Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers to the President, and resigned because of differences with the Truman administration. He is worried about inflation. The U.S. government ran up deficits in 1949 and 1950. Deficit spending, in years of prosperity when the budget could be balanced, seems reckless and inflationary to Dr. Nourse, and he has been saying so for quite a while. Now, as the cost of living becomes more and more alarming, he can say, "I told you so." His reputation as a prophet goes up with the price index.

What causes inflation, and what should be done about it? Dr. Nourse says the cause is the greed of organized labor, farmers, and business men, and the spinelessness of politicians who give in to them and spend government money wantonly. Dr. Nourse is skeptical of controls as a cure for inflation. Yet I doubt whether interest groups will respond to the mere preaching of moderation. Controls are necessary if only to assure each group that the others are not stealing a march on it.

On the political side, Dr. Nourse's great fear is a "coalition of political laborism and political agrarianism back of a captive party addicted to inflation as a way of life." One gathers that the present American party system is well designed for keeping workers and farmers in their place! I wonder if "political laborism" necessarily brings inflation. The British Labor government has controlled inflation for a considerable time because it has had labor's loyalty, and has been able, with fair success, to cultivate in trade unionists a sense of the responsibility which power brings.

Dr. Nourse writes from a thorough and authoritative knowledge of the American economy. His style is pleasant and entertaining.

D. C. Corbett.

TEN GREAT ECONOMISTS: FROM MARX TO KEYNES: Joseph A. Schumpeter; Oxford; pp. 305; \$5.50.

This volume contains no new material but it does contain valuable material. It is a collection of Schumpeter's essays, all previously published, upon ten recent great economists—one almost says "the" ten—Marx, Walras, Menger, Marshall, Pareto, Böhm-Bawerk, Taussig, Fisher, Mitchell, and Keynes.

Since nearly all the articles are memorials or obituaries, and since Schumpeter knew all of the men but Marx personally as fellow economists, the essays are an admirable blend of biography and critical analysis. The blend varies from subject to subject. Naturally, biography has a stronger flavor where Schumpeter writes of his close personal friends. The accounts of Böhm-Bawerk, his Viennese teacher, and of Taussig, his Harvard associate, are therefore written with an especially affectionate and intimate hand, and they possess a poignancy of their own.

In a brief review one cannot begin to comment adequately upon Schumpeter's professional appraisals of these ten. One can generalize, however, and say that he is very fair to his subjects, even to those with whose theses he is in dispute. Marx and Keynes, for instance, receive their due as economists. However, one wonders if it was entirely necessary to include in this volume this particular article upon Marx, since it is a reprint of Part I of Schumpeter's book *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* which was published as late as 1942, and since it engrosses nearly a quarter of the whole book.

But this is perhaps captious, for the other essays, which are now difficult to obtain and are much in demand, make the collection particularly valuable.

P.W.F.

DEMOCRACY IN THE CANADAS, 1759-1867: D. Hugh Gillis; Oxford; pp. 217; \$2.50.

This is a concise, well-written survey of political development in the central Canadian colonies, but there is little here on "Democracy in the Canadas." It might be countered that there was indeed little democracy in the two Canadas, at least in comparison with the neighboring American states: in fact, the book does better in bringing out the power of conservative forces in the colonies, even on the frontier. Still one might expect a different treatment of the subject. For example, in dealing with the French background, one might look for some investigation of elements of grass-roots democracy in New France, or feel that the individualism of the fur trader should receive the attention in this particular study rather than the authority of the Church, which the author properly treats as a force making for the acceptance of the established order. Then it is unfortunate that the survey tails off so rapidly after the Durham Report, thus missing all the really democratic phenomena of the Rouge and Clear Grit movements. And though the last chapter is called "The Federal Synthesis," it does not bridge the gap to Confederation but summarizes the main points made before. The book actually runs to about 1839, and not to 1867, as dated.

Again, there is little here on political ideas or opinions. While few would quarrel with the author's wish to interpret political developments "in the light of social circumstances"—which he does very well, incidentally—surely a work on the background of the democratic tradition must also deal with what men said, wrote, and read, with the "cultural circumstances" around them? *Democracy in the Canadas*

would seem a better book under another title. *Some Factors in Canadian Political Development, 1759-1839* would have less box-office appeal, but under such a name this would stand as a clear, competent, and thoughtful analysis of aspects of that period. But we still haven't a book on the beginnings of the Canadian democratic tradition.

J. M. S. Careless.

THE WHIG INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY: Herbert Butterfield; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 132; \$1.60.

It may be that Professor Butterfield's recent feat of producing almost at once *Christianity and History*, *Origins of Modern Science* and *George III, Lord North and the People, 1779-80* has inspired his publishers to add to the current Butterfield collection by reprinting an earlier work, his valuable essay of 1931, *The Whig Interpretation of History*. This brief study attacked the tendency of historians to interpret the past in terms of a more enlightened present, a tendency the author found particularly apparent among the potent historians of the Whig tradition in England—and thus his title. The essay remains an engaging plea for objectivity in the writing of history. But how do its contentions appear twenty years after?

Not unnaturally, they seem somewhat dated. "The Whig historian stands on the summit of the twentieth century and organizes his scheme of history from the point of view of his own day." By 1951 we may feel that there is little danger that Whig historians will turn our trough into a summit from which to map the uphill course of history—unless one may speak of Whig-Marxists. The essay, in short, deals with the assumptions of a historical school that has largely passed away. Indeed, its very plea for objective history looks far less bright-eyed and stimulating in the face of the present-day accumulation of objectively dull specialized studies. Nevertheless, *The Whig Interpretation* will repay reading today. By now it is itself of some historical significance in helping to mark the transition from an earlier, happier belief in the moral superiority of the present over the past. More than this, it continues to offer a useful warning against pulling the complex facts of history out of their context in order to weave a thin pattern of historical "proof" that exists, Professor Butterfield would say, only in the over-confident mind of the Whig historian.

J. M. S. Careless.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:

Frank MacKinnon; University of Toronto Press; pp. 385; \$5.50.

This account of the government of our smallest province has been undertaken by a man steeped in Island traditions. Those who want to know the machinery by which P.E.I. has been governed in the past and is governed now need go no further than this book. Its precise information, its sensible style, and its clear explanations should make it of real use to those whose energies are taken up with the government of that province. Nothing more need be written about this subject after Mr. MacKinnon's book.

Mr. MacKinnon's writing beautifully represents the tradition of Grit "social science" that controls the study of political economy in Canadian universities. What are the strengths and weaknesses of that tradition? On the merit side, first of all, is hard work. The massing of such detail about small matters that characterizes Canadian "social science" is always wearisome to contemplate. Mr. MacKinnon's book is certainly a product of meticulous scholarship. The second merit is fairness. This book follows the sound liberal tradition of presenting the evidence honestly.

The chief weakness of Grit "social science" has always been its lack of imagination. Only a certain class of fact is used as evidence. For instance, in Mr. MacKinnon's work all "the tones and quantities" that illuminate the forms of government (e.g., the conflict between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in the Maritimes) are not brought out realistically. Institutions and men are always described within the presuppositions of the rational democrat. The imagination of the Canadian social scientist is still filled with the expectation that our institutions are "broadening down from precedent to precedent."

In this matter of imagination, Mr. MacKinnon has one great advantage over his peers in the rest of Canada. He is writing about Prince Edward Island. Therefore the categories of the moderate nineteenth-century man are far more applicable than when used elsewhere about the government of Canada or twentieth-century politicians. After all, we are fortunate that Prince Edward Island still dreams charmingly on in that mild-mannered faith within which most of our social scientists write their books. The appropriateness of the dogma to the subject-matter makes this an effective work.

G. P. Grant.

THE WATCH: Carlo Levi; Clarke, Irwin (Farrar, Straus & Young); pp. 442; \$4.50.

Whoever decided to call Mr. Levi's new book a novel has probably done the author a disservice. For now many readers will expect to find in it an emphasis on character and dramatic development which it conspicuously lacks. *The Watch* can best be read as a (partly fictitious) journal: sketches of incidents and people, clusters of argument and generalization—all loosely bound together by the author's pilgrimage through a society fast declining from the bright hopes of the immediate postwar period into a dreary twilight of petty corruption, indifference to poverty and injustice, and politics-as-usual.

Regardless of how one approaches *The Watch*, however, it suffers by comparison with Mr. Levi's earlier book, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*. To some extent this was probably inevitable: in his new book Mr. Levi is dealing with a situation far more complex and impure than the one which he discovered as an anti-Fascist exile in the remote peasant villages of Southern Italy; the indignation and compassion which gave *Christ Stopped at Eboli* so much of its warmth and power are here a good deal more difficult to focus. Yet on its own terms *The Watch* is an uneven achievement: sensitive and beautiful vignettes suddenly give way to scenes which seem merely to have been roughed-in and left carelessly incomplete; and the book's dominant symbol (the watch of the title), even though its implications are moving, never becomes an organic part of the whole.

The Watch deals with a few days during which the men who have come up from the Italian Resistance begin to lose political control. As a newspaper editor, Mr. Levi observes the political manoeuvres at close range, and, disillusioned, propounds his own theory of what is wrong with modern society. (These ideas are actually put in the mouth of a friend, but it is clear that Mr. Levi also subscribes to them.)

There are, the argument runs, two major groups in society, and one division between them cuts across all existing political loyalties. On one side are the "Contadini": the workers and peasants, the useful technicians, industrialists and landowners, and the intellectuals ("those I call Contadini are the producers"). On the other side are the "Luigini"; "the bureaucratic mob . . . model clerks, the military, the magis-

trates, lawyers, the police . . . the priests, too, of course . . . the politicians, the organizers of all sorts and shades."

It is possible to sympathize with the bitter feeling of betrayal which produced this theory, and at the same time to be disturbed by the naivete with which it is presented and by its most obvious implication. For Mr. Levi seems to be arguing, in the best of faith, that salvation can now only be found in some sort of popular movement divorced from organized politics. But we have had altogether too much experience in this century with movements of this kind, which invariably end up in some brand of totalitarianism.

It would be wise, therefore, to read *The Watch*, not for any program it may suggest, but for those sad and beautiful visions of an artist which are also to be found in it. And despite its weaknesses, *The Watch* does one thing superbly well: it demonstrates just how difficult—how tragic—is the situation of the liberal humanitarian in Europe today.

Robert L. Weaver.

EACH MAN'S SON: Hugh MacLennan; Macmillan; pp. 244; \$3.00.

This fourth of MacLennan's novels has two protagonists. One is Daniel Ainslie, a brilliant doctor practising in a Cape Breton colliery town in 1913. The other is Calvinism, or more explicitly the guilt inherent in the mere fact of being alive which is its cramped and bitter offspring.

In Ainslie, MacLennan has come closer than ever before to giving us a character in the round. Intellectually an Agnostic, but at the same time "surer of his fingers than of his soul," Ainslie is ridden by the sense of guilt which is his, half by precept, half by inheritance. He is haunted by what he feels is the failure of his marriage, the fables of his childhood having made it impossible for him to give himself freely to sexual love. He longs for the son he will never have and, when he seems to have found this son ready-made in a gifted boy whose prizefighter father has abandoned him, he is aware, though not always with conscious verbalization, that he is guilty once again in his failure to consider the claims and feelings of the two women involved, the boy's gentle girl mother and his own wife, and that what he really seeks is not a son but a second self, whom he will miraculously enable to grow up free of the Calvinist myths which have crippled his own life.

We know a great deal about Ainslie, by the time the story has reached the shocking scene which is its climax. We never fail to perceive in what direction he is driven or to recognize the force that drives him. If the author had allowed the man's fears and his always haunting, sometimes immobilizing, sense of guilt to come entirely from his own consciousness, the man might have lived and moved. But dealing, as he must do, in verbal terms with what is frequently non-verbal material, MacLennan is too persistent in his comments and explanations. He even, and most regrettably, analyses Ainslie's dilemma for us in his three-page author's note, in so explicit a fashion as almost to make the book unnecessary. Ainslie has enough of the fabric of life in him to have done without this, and his vitality, and our own interest in him, tends to sag under too much external analysis.

As well as this central figure, the author has given us some evocative descriptive material about Cape Breton, a number of briefly sketched Highlanders who, though amusing and seemingly authentic enough, incline toward that definition of *character* which requires the word to be set between inverted commas, some excellent and moving scenes in the decline and fall of the prizefighter, Archie MacNeil, a thin precocious child, and two women—Ainslie's wife, Margaret,

and Mollie, the boy's mother—of whom in the final analysis we know nothing. Though they are painstakingly described to us, even to the fine wrinkles about the eyes, each remains in her own way a set of characteristics, a vague figure rising to speak in her turn and sinking again into the mist.

MacLennan has chosen a theme of interest and power, and incidents that climb steadily to a culmination of almost melodramatic horror. But the book remains a theatre in which human figures are moved by ideas, inexorably and sometimes savagely, and though the fusion between these figures and ideas is a little more complete than in any of the author's three previous novels, it still fails to be absolute. Ultimately, Calvinism must remain the true hero of the book.

Joyce Marshall.

SELECTED POEMS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT: with a memoir by E. K. Brown; Ryerson; pp. 176; \$3.50.

This volume would have seemed but another step on the path of clarifying and appreciating our inheritance of Canadian poetry, were it not that the death of E. K. Brown, a few weeks ago, has come as a sudden shock to thrust a great many things into sharp perspective. It becomes apparent that we have lost our best critic, one whose loving regard for the older poets of our tradition issued in patient editorial labor and in discriminating appraisal; that many of us owe whatever sense we may have of coherent tradition in Canadian poetry primarily to him; that for Duncan Campbell Scott he has performed the service that Arnold performed for Wordsworth—of selection and accentuation, of mounting, framing, and hanging in a good light. The selection of poems in this volume is made to reveal—his great unevenness admitted—how genuine a poet Scott was at his best; to relate, through the memoir, to Scott's life and to the period; to persuade us to apply the standards of his own age to his diction and rhythm, and to enjoy him as we enjoy the Victorians; to help us feel our way into that combination of simple realism and of elemental, terrifying dream that distinguishes his best Indian pieces. Finally, certain poems emerge, fit to stand on their own feet in the great company of beautiful and permanent things: poems such as "Veronique Frazer," "At Gull Lake," "The Forsaken," "The Half-Breed Girl," "The Harvest." Sharply into focus, too, come the pressing necessities of the immediate future: the imperative need for critics who love poetry and will serve its ends and foster its growth, not merely dissect and reject; the need, equally, for publishers who, like the Ryerson Press, will show a consistent policy and publish in generous measure over a long period, enriching our present possession and saving their own names from oblivion in time to come.

Roy Daniels.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE: Chosen and with an Introduction by F. O. Matthiessen; Oxford; pp. 1132; \$5.75.

The late Professor Matthiessen has stated in his introduction to this volume that the first rule applied to this collection was: "Fewer poets with more space for each." This policy has excluded the "one-poem poets" but gives a more sustained impression of those poets with a substantial body of work to draw from than is usual in an anthology.

For the reader, other than the expert, whose interest continues to grow after youth's enthusiasm for the lyric form has diminished, the more popular anthologies lose their charm for they have too often emphasized the short lyric to the exclusion of other forms. In our country, where

libraries and book agencies are few and scattered, the reader of poetry is often unable to obtain the longer works, and so the poet is cut off from the potential reader. This collection includes poems as long as Whitman's "Song of Myself." It is a companion volume to the *Oxford Book of English Verse* and covers a period from colonial times to the present in its thousand-odd pages. About half of the work belongs to this century, in which the American poets have produced an amazingly large and varied output. Professor Matthiessen believes it to be, for the first time, comparable to that of any European country during the same period.

As a discerning scholar of Eliot's work (witness his *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*), it is perhaps significant that Matthiessen has chosen as representative of this outstanding modern "Sweeney," "Gerontion," "The Waste Land," "The Dry Salvages." He has avoided quotations of parts of poems, except for two of Pound's "Pisan Cantos" which he is inclined to regard as a "series of brilliant fragments."

Chosen with authority and discrimination, this collection will be valued by all readers of poetry. *Hilda Kirkwood.*

A SLEEP OF PRISONERS: Christopher Fry; Oxford; pp. 51; \$1.50.

Christopher Fry is a superb craftsman, for his plays are constructed like a fine chronograph in which a powerful internal tension is beautifully distributed through a multitude of revealing significant motions. And like a good chronograph, his plays tell us more than simply the time of day. In life, the strange juxtaposition of tragedy and comedy is inexplicably mingled, and Christopher Fry's sharp perception of our humiliation and poverty has found a remarkable medium in the short comedy.

In *A Sleep of Prisoners* he presents four prisoners of war locked in a church in enemy territory. But almost immediately, he projects the mechanical problem of imprisonment onto a spiritual plane, concerning himself with the tribulations of man, his secret burdens, his guilt, and with the faltering steps of the child as he grows in wisdom and stature. In a series of dreams wrapped in Biblical lore each man struggles, as in life, not only with his brother, the war raging outside the walls, but with himself, which is the fiercest battle of all:

"Let me dear God be active
And seem to do right whatever damned result
Let me have some part in what goes on
Or I shall go mad."

Christopher Fry has two great qualities which mark him out from nearly all of his contemporaries: a passionate, poetic lyricism:

"Oh God, the fabulous wings unused,
Folded in the heart,"

but more important, a sense of vision which never falters throughout his work and which he continually holds up to tortured and wayward man:

"Thank God, our time is now when wrong,
Comes up to face us everywhere,
Never to leave us, till we take,
The longest stride of soul men ever took."

Today, when so many of our writers crawl about with broken backs or mumble fearfully through hare-lips, Christopher Fry is a solitary figure standing erect in the mainstream of the great English tradition; and yet, because he is part of Everyman his voice is unashamedly universal, full of gentleness and humor and the language of love.

Samuel Roddan.

DANCE AND THE SOUL: Paul Valéry; Longmans, Green and Co. (John Lehmann); pp. 95; \$2.50.

This is the first English translation of "L'Ame et la Danse" since its original publication in Paris in 1923. Mme. Bussy, the distinguished translator of André Gide, has accomplished a difficult task with unusual skill and understanding. The book is printed with the French text.

The dialogue, in the Socratic manner, is unfolded as three friends watch the dance of Athikte and discuss those things on which Valéry spent most of his life: the eternal struggle between mind and matter; the terror all mortals must face in the attempt to look at truth; and finally, the desperation in the shape of "tedium vitae" from which the only escape, according to Socrates, lies in action.

Paul Valéry brings to this work his most magical gifts; feeling, order, intelligence, and miraculous language spilling over with life:

"The murmur of the sleepers is transformed; and on the walls that waver in the flames, the huge shadows of drunkards bestow themselves in uneasy wonder."

But it is in the brilliant flashes of light into the dark mysteries of life whose depth most of us have neither chart nor knowledge, that Valéry is supreme:

"Are we not an organized phantasy? And is not our living constitution an incoherence that functions and a disorder that works? Do not events, desires, ideas shift about in us in the most necessary and the most incomprehensible manner? What a cacophony of causes and effects!"

As the dialogue continues, the frenzy of Athikte's dance becomes more and more interwoven with the issues of the debate until the final climax when she lies at Socrates' feet naked, exhausted, but at peace.

"Where have you come from?" Socrates asks gently of the fallen Athikte.

"Refuge, O my refuge, O Whirlwind . . . I was in you, O Movement, outside of all things . . ."

Paul Valéry died in 1945, but even in his lifetime his work was treasured by only a few, and yet he is the most rewarding of writers, pouring out "a bumper of ideas" and a "helping of something spiritual" and always full of wonder as to who we really are. *Samuel Roddan.*

THE DEBATE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1789-1800: edited by Alfred Cobban; Copp Clark; pp. xx, 496; \$4.00.

This is the second volume of a series on *The British Political Tradition* which aims to set forth in the words of contemporary participants the historic development of the basic concepts of British political thought as they emerge in the discussions of the great political crises of the past. In the present volume the impact of the tremendous social and political upheaval of the French Revolution is dealt with. The selections from contemporaries range from Wordsworth and Robert Burns through Edmund Burke and Tom Paine to William Pitt. In their words we see the steady shift in British opinion of the Revolution from welcome to suspicion, to hatred and conflict. We are sharply reminded of the similar shift that has taken place with regard to the Russian Revolution. The great effect of the crisis was to clarify and to reinforce British faith in gradual and peaceful political and social evolution. Dr. Cobban's able introduction gives a stimulating picture of the historical setting for guidance in the use and appraisal of the excerpts from contemporaries. Here is an excellent source book both for students of history and political thought and for the general reader. *Richard M. Saunders.*

THE AGE OF LONGING: Arthur Koestler; Collins; pp. 448; \$3.00.

This is not Mr. Koestler at his best but it is still worth reading. The story is laid in France in the almost-now on the eve of a Soviet invasion. The plot is mainly about a young American woman who is for a time the mistress of a Soviet attache; she is fascinated by his unshakable faith but the affair ends when her lover illustrates Pavlov's conditioned reflex in a particularly loathsome but effective manner. ("Without thinking she knew she had suffered a humiliation past anything that a drunken customer could inflict on a prostitute, and that she would hate him for the rest of her life as she had never hated before.")

The story serves, however, to present a series of characters, some obviously stereotyped: communists, fellow-travellers, anti-communists, ex-communists. There is some rather heavy-handed irony, as when a fellow-travelling woman guilelessly describes her cross-examination by Soviet police on charges of being a spy. There is also another theory put forward on what makes the confessors confess; it's a matter of the synapses.

It is a tragic sort of book, full of the hopelessness of a Europe which sees the shadow of impending doom and has neither the means nor the will for effective resistance. Perhaps it isn't a novel after all. Maybe it's actually a preview of what is to come.

A. Andras.

ELEVEN YEARS IN SOVIET PRISON CAMPS: Elinor Lipper; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 310; \$4.75.

Elinor Lipper's account of her years as a slave laborer in Siberia is a shocking story of the most hideous kind of exploitation carried on in the name of Socialism. One might

well expect a book more bitter and far less rational from a former Young Communist who had to learn about her promised land the hard way. Actually, it is a remarkable book for its political perspective, its objectivity, and for its author's appreciation of whatever small bits of humour she could draw out of her ghastly experience.

This is more than the record of its author's eleven years of hell on earth. Elinor Lipper has this point to make: the overwhelming preponderance of Soviet prisoners are not guilty of any crime from the standpoint of "objective non-Soviet justice." It was her experience that most of the prisoners were "potential" opponents of the regime simply because they had had contact with aliens, or with alien influences—to have had a Polish mother, for example, is an incriminating circumstance (Polish ancestry in Russia, Miss Lipper claims, is on a par with Jewish parentage in Germany under the Nazis); to have had a brother, or an uncle, who had travelled abroad puts one under a cloud; to have worked in the service of someone later arrested for counter-revolutionary activity is a sure way to land in prison. One prisoner, a pediatrician, had been guilty of entering the home of Karl Radek on several occasions in a professional capacity.

Sooner or later every thinking person has to face the facts about Soviet slave labor. Here's the place to start.

J. Lloyd Harrington.

THE ARDENT EXILE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF D'ARCY MCGEE: Josephine Phelan; Macmillan; pp. 317, illus.; \$4.00.

It may be true that the Canadians are an intensely political people; but even so, it takes an unusual talent to make the dry bones of Canadian political history dance for the casual, non-specialist reader. Miss Phelan has wisely

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avoided the direct and dusty route of parliamentary acts and sessions, and approaches her subject by way of the pungent and revealing journalism of the day, and the colorful pseudo-romantic figure of McGee himself.

The Ardent Exile is too frankly biased to offer any serious competition to the definitive Skelton biography, though it makes far more lively reading. And while its derisive sketches of Sir John A. Macdonald and George Brown are both sharp and refreshing, it betrays a probably deliberate lack of the usual political perspective on the period which will seem to some piquant, and to others merely wrong-headed or irritating. Incidentally, those whose childhood diet was largely English history will be surprised and amused to see Guy Fawkes Day referred to repressively as "an obscure historical date celebrated by the Orangemen," while St. Patrick and his day are taken for granted, as needing no bush. McGee himself emerges as the conventional romantic rebel who turns conservative in middle-age; and, considering the dearth of information about his private personality, as a lively and credible political animal.

Scholarship and industry, though admirable, are often dull. It is therefore in no spirit of levity that we add a note of appreciation for Miss Phelan's serio-comic description of the Fenian raid on the Niagara Peninsula; for the excerpts from McGee's poetry; and for the delightful picture of George Brown acquitting himself nobly with a bag of peas and a pea-shooter in London on Derby Day. These are the touches that almost everybody remembers, and the solemn Canadian historian all too often forgets.

D.H.S.

WHAT THE JEWS BELIEVE: Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 100; \$1.35.

This book is actually a somewhat extended version of an article which appeared some time ago in *Life*. Rabbi Bernstein deserves a good deal of credit for putting into clear, simple language what might otherwise have been a forbidding theological study. His book is readable, interesting and informative. The subject is treated in a somewhat idealized fashion but that is something which can easily be forgiven.

There are brief chapters on basic tenets, followed by others describing the principal holidays and their significance. "... The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Judaism offers no easy way to God. No son has been sent down to take us by the hand and lead us to him. No mediator intercedes for us. No priest dispenses God's grace. In the final accounting there is a purely personal relationship between the individual and his God. This is an awesome responsibility."

The book is illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg.

A. Andras.

RESTATEMENT OF LIBERTY: Rt. Hon. P. C. Gordon Walker, M.P.; Ryerson; p.p. 417; \$5.00.

Mr. Gordon Walker is Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in the present Labor cabinet. He has written the kind of book that makes one thankful that the Labor government of the past six years has had an occasional practical politician in it, like Herbert Morrison, and has not been entirely composed of ex-Communist intellectuals like John Strachey, Welsh evangelists like Aneurin Bevan, and idealist philosophers like Mr. Walker himself. He appears to be one of those tiresome persons who, on being asked the time of day, insists on giving you his whole theory of the universe before he looks at his watch. I am not sufficiently versed in the technicalities of professional philosophy to make out just what his philosophy is; but

he certainly has it in for the Cartesians, and he writes with all the endless fluency of the natural-born idealist. He appears to be a kind of Platonist who is at present chiefly concerned with getting modern socialism soundly based upon a sense of sin. When he at last gets round to expounding what Labor policy, based on this post-Cartesian sense of sin, should be, his ideas do not seem to differ substantially from those of the government of which he is a member. But he is as difficult to tie down to anything precise and concrete as Ramsay MacDonald used to be in the days when he was orating about going on and on and on and up and up and up. Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a party, and, apparently, also to make a cabinet. F.H.U.

EARLY STORIES: Elizabeth Bowen; McClelland & Stewart (Knopf); pp. 364; \$3.50.

This volume contains the twenty-five stories and impressionistic sketches which were the author's earliest published work; all were written between the ages of twenty and twenty-three. The autobiographical preface sketches in a personal and historical background—historical in the sense

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of literary history—for the collection. The author explains that the stories' resemblance to those of Katharine Mansfield (which is fairly marked) is purely coincidental; that they are, perhaps, rather at a disadvantage because of the subsequent growth and development of the technique of the short story itself; and that the time of writing places were more important to her than people—a youthful error which she has since corrected.

Taken alone, at face value, the stories show remarkable flashes of insight and felicities of expression, together with a tendency to be fashionably non-committal and carefully casual. Taken in the context supplied by the preface and by the author's name, it is impossible not to see in them the promise which *To the North* and *The Death of the Heart* later fulfilled. Of the lot, *The Visitor* and *Charity*, both of them studies in childhood, seem most direct, least mannered and dated; and *Daffodils*, in spite of its easy technique, the most patronizing and slick. Most readers will find themselves more interested in and amused by the preface than the stories themselves.

D.M.S.

THE GREAT AUDIENCE: Gilbert Seldes; Macmillan (Viking); pp. 299; \$4.75.

Seldes has always been interested in the popular arts and their relation to the populace; in *The Great Audience* he examines movies, radio, television, and the audiences which each of them reaches in an attempt to gauge their actual and potential influence on the American scene. He has wit, perception, and an almost aggressive determination to be intelligent but not intellectual; the entire book is a delight to read, and persuasive in everything but its hope for the future.

Seldes makes an important distinction between the fine and the popular arts; the fine arts, he says, produce lasting and imperishable creations, whose effect is private and personal, influencing the lives of those who enjoy them. The mass entertainments, which are the great creative arts of our time, create not objects but audiences; their creative action begins after the movie or the radio program has been seen or heard, and they determine the climate of feeling in which all of us, whether we own radio sets or go to the movies or do neither, have to live. It is impossible to avoid the contagion spread by mass media of communication and entertainment; therefore it is important to examine and understand not only the nature but the effect of those media. The subject is a huge one; Seldes attacks it systematically at its roots, avoiding jargon of all kinds, and illustrating his points with specific references to films, radio programs, books, and magazines, and succeeds in imposing a large measure of order on what at first might seem like a chaotic and senseless mass of activity. One of his most important conclusions is that the mass media have been and are creating in America a nation of teen-agers; one of his most disturbing questions is how can a nation of teen-agers be expected to handle the immense power of America maturely and wisely?

The Great Audience is a mature and responsible as well as an entertaining critique of the American way of life; it deserves the greatest possible audience; but unless Seldes himself is wrong, the people who need it most are those least likely to see it—the Great Audience itself. D.M.S.

SCIENCE—SENSE AND NONSENSE: John L. Synge; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 156; \$2.00.

This is a brilliant, witty book which everyone should read. Only an Irishman could write with such verve about a subject which has been treated so dully and pedantically

by many other writers. The author was formerly professor of Applied Mathematics in the University of Toronto and is now on the Faculty of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Dublin Institute of Advanced Study.

On the jacket of the book is the following remarkable blurb:

"The problem which Professor Synge set himself was this: 'How can I write about the philosophy of science and stay awake while I am writing, and keep the reader awake while he is reading?' The book was not to be popular in the sense that it would make things deceptively easy. It was to attract and hold—even entertain—intelligent readers through a discussion of matters which may (previously) have bored or baffled them . . . Prof. Synge has triumphantly succeeded. His blend of levity and seriousness, his adroit use of mental images, his ability to penetrate the fog of scientific jargon with lively wit, and his cajoling style carry the reader through the world of science to the world of reality, through philosophy to life and back again. The story of the Sea Captain's box, the dialogue in Hollywood between Archimedes and Newton, and the professor versus layman discussion of Relativity—these with other diversions, are likely to become classical examples of exposition."

The remarkableness of this blurb is that it is true!

A. J. Coleman.

HANGSAMAN: Shirley Jackson; Clarke, Irwin (Farrar, Straus & Young); pp. 280; \$3.75.

The short sharp shock of "The Lottery," Shirley Jackson's by now famous short story, may lead readers to expect much the same sort of effect in this her second novel, and to a correspondingly sharp disappointment. Actually *Hangsaman* explores, with a delicately discriminating touch, the just-below surface thoughts and emotions of a seventeen-year-old girl who has been trained too early by a literary poseur of a father to keep a kind of fever-chart of her own emotional reactions to people and to situations. These reactions are in the main conventionally morbid, and the business of self-observation effectively prevents the child from discovering that she is blessedly not unique, and at the same time makes her peculiarly vulnerable to her friend Tony's more powerful and far more eccentric imagination.

Hangsaman is a near-tragedy, the essence of which is that it does not quite come off; the child Natalie is saved by her own normal obtuseness from developing either into a genius or a suicide. Naturally, the lack of a dramatic decision in either direction is superficially disappointing; but a rereading of Shirley Jackson's earlier novel, *The Road Through the Wall*, in which the dramatic decision is made, will demonstrate clearly enough that *Hangsaman* is the better book of the two. And there is enough of her special atmospheric uneasiness in *Hangsaman* to content the connoisseur of sensation even if the final synthetic horror surprises him by not being there.

D.M.S.

Our Contributors

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